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The Sketch

No. 2142.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

CAMERA STUDY BY KAY VAUGHAN.

HELEN OF TROY IN A PILL-BOX WITH "PIPS."

MISS PRIMROSE SALT, the daughter of Major-General H. F. Salt, is to be Helen of Troy in the Oxford University Dramatic Club production of "Dr. Faustus" on February 20-24. She designed her woollen "pill-box" hat and chose the decorations—of "Officers' Pips." The three stars of a Captain decorate the hat; and one Second-Lieutenant star is used for each ear-ring.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

GRIMALKIN.

MANY cats slink and stalk about the Temple of Fame; but none, surely, has ever distinguished itself by such a remarkable feat as the following, which I extract from that august organ of public opinion, *The Times*—

> While the Plymouth Fire Brigade was fighting an outbreak in a Devonport shop yesterday, a large cat walked up and, ignoring the smoke and flames, entered the shop. It made three visits, and each time brought out a mouse. The mice did not long survive.

How are we to interpret this act? Was it gallantry or was it greed? Ought this animal to be decorated by the Royal Humane Society, or ought it merely to be congratulated on the heartiness of its appetite? There was a Chinaman who burned down his house in order to satisfy his craving for roast pork. Have we here an example of a cat which seized the opportunity to satisfy a life-long yearning for roast mouse? Come, come! (I hear you say) that is not a pretty idea! It is not; but might not our vegetarian friends (to whose ranks I have not the honour to belong) ask whether it is any more or less pretty than the idea of roast pork? Personally, I should have some difficulty in answering them; for I never pass a butcher's shop—which I do as seldom as possible—without being slightly ashamed of belonging to the class of the Greater Carnivora.

However, to return to our cats—which are much more worth returning to than muttons—I am puzzled about the motives of this intrepid animal. I confess I do not like the sound of that last sentence. "The mice did not long survive." *What* did they not long survive? The fire or the cat? Thrice the brindled cat hath chewed? It is a nice point, though I dare say it was not of great interest to the mice.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Did this cat pursue the Eternal Hunt while Devonport blazed? Nay, more—did it take advantage of the misfortunes of others to prosecute its own selfish ends? I fear that it is not at all improbable. That is the way things happen in a sinful world. The cat, very likely, was not the only person in that frame of mind. I should venture a small bet that among the crowd watching the fire there were one or two light-fingered experts (as there always are) seizing their opportunity; for without fires and crowds light fingers would be hard put to it to make a living. Let us not be too severe in our judgment of a determined animal. Selfishness is not peculiar to cats, nor yet to quadrupeds.

But all this puts the worst construction upon this cat's singular behaviour; and why should we do that, except that cats have been given (most unjustly) a far worse name than dogs? For myself, I am reluctant to exclude the altruistic motive. It may be urged that a cat is unlikely, out of sheer nobility, to go to the rescue of its natural prey. A plausible argument, though cynical; but can you be sure? The other night I saw, not for the first time, a very moving and instructive incident on the films. It was not a reconciliation of parted lovers; it was not a great-hearted hero plunging into the midst of a herd of bison to save a Platinum Blonde from having her coiffure disarranged; it was not the Duchess of Giggleswick shattering a bottle of champagne over a new liner, nor was it the final of the Under-Fourteen Egg-in-Spoon Race in the Croatian National Sports. It was a picture of a charming little cat living on David-and-Jonathan terms with a white mouse. The lion could not have lain down with the lamb more affectionately than these two nestled together, and the manner in which they composed age-long antagonisms was an example to all the nations of Europe. I must admit that when the cat gave the mouse a bath, in the very thorough and intimate manner of cats, there was evident uneasiness among the audience lest ablution should turn into abolition. This unworthy doubt, however, was not shared in any degree by the mouse, which submitted with patience and even with pleasure to the dry-cleaning process. I hope that the relations still continue to be amicable, though if I were the mouse I should like to feel assured that my feline friend had an adequate supply of milk and other substantial nourishment. However that may be, here was a very illuminating little episode from natural history, and that cat and mouse seemed to me as worthy of the silver screen as Felix and Mickey themselves. Who shall say, in the face of such evidence, that the cat, as a species, is lacking in the gentler attributes towards the weak and helpless?

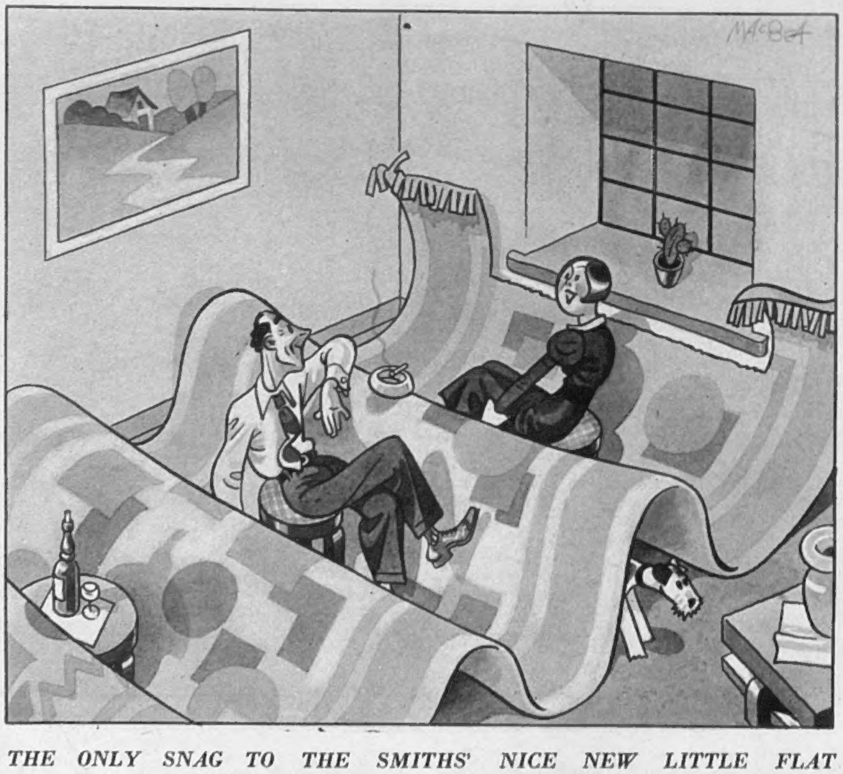
One great quality of cats the Devonport hero amply illustrates. He knew what he wanted. Whether he desired to effect a gallant rescue or to obtain a cheap and easy luncheon — whatever was in the mind of that cat, he knew exactly what it was, and nothing was going to divert him from his purpose: not smoke nor fire nor ruin nor destruction nor (most hideous prospect of all!) cataracts of water. And nothing is more certain than this, that if at the Judgment Day one mouse emerges from the upheaval, there will be a cat waiting for it, utterly regardless of cosmic cataclysm. My brethren, have we not something to learn from Felix? If we could all pursue our mice with a cat's singleness of purpose, might we not all be dictators and masters of men? But perhaps it is just as well that we aren't, since the profession of dictatorship is becoming a little over-crowded.

"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.

Familiarity with our Special Prints increases the enthusiasm for them! We began this series of our film favourites printed by an entirely new method with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, and Madeleine Carroll. This week we give a study of Miss Jessie Matthews, and next week we shall publish one of

MISS ELISABETH BERGNER.

We advise all readers interested in this novel and attractive form of portraiture in which such an extraordinary effect is obtained, to place their orders with their newsagents without delay, to ensure that they shall not miss any one of this series of Presentation Plates.



THE ONLY SNAG TO THE SMITHS' NICE NEW LITTLE FLAT IS THAT THE CARPET DOESN'T QUITE FIT.

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

LENARE.

This charming camera-study of the HON. MRS. NALL-CAIN and her two sons, ROBIN and DAVID, was taken in their London home. Mrs. Nall-Cain is the wife of the Hon. Ronald Nall-Cain, M.P. for Wavertree, the son of Lord and Lady Brocket. She was Miss Angela Pennyman. Mr. Nall-Cain is the well-known golfer and former Captain of the Oxford University side.

DOMESTICITY DOUBLED — BY BRITISH ART AND BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHY.

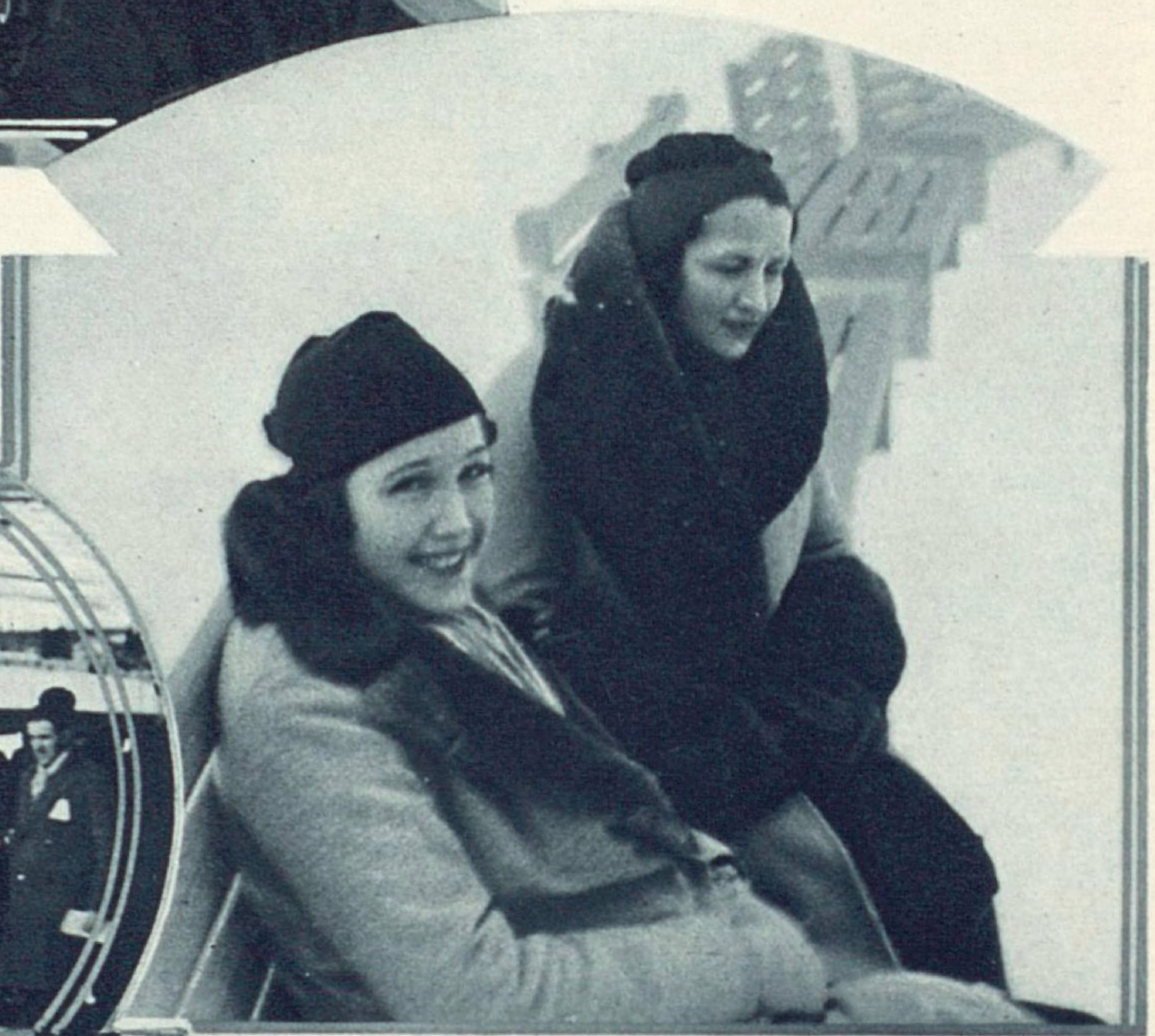
The likeness between this "Conversation Piece," "THE SITWELL FAMILY," by J. Singleton Copley, R.A., and the camera-study of Mrs. Nall-Cain is striking. The room and the disposition of the figures are very similar, and so is the atmosphere of English domesticity and home life represented in both the painting and the photograph. The picture is the property of Captain Osbert Sitwell.

(OWNER'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

SNOW ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

CAPTAIN JAMES COATS; his sister, VISCOUNTESS KNOLLYS; and LIEUT.-COMMANDER EYKYN, R.N., were snapped on a sunny terrace at St. Moritz.



MRS. GORDON RAMSAY and MRS. CUTHBERT STEWART are at St. Moritz for the races. Mrs. Stewart, who is the sister of Mr. Rex Hartley, is the wife of Major Cuthbert Stewart, who owns several good 'chasers.

LADY ANGUS KENNEDY, the wife of Lord Angus Kennedy, is seen warmly fur-coated in the brilliant sunshine of St. Moritz, watching the racing on the frozen lake. She is one of the Cartiers' guests at their villa.

THE ski-er's chief occupation at the moment is putting off coming home. I 've been finding excuses, and listening to tales of "*mañana* we travel," for days; but as I write, to-morrow—yes, to-morrow as ever is—will be my final snow-scene. It 's particularly hard to leave, because January—let 's face it—was a very bad month, even in St. Moritz, climatically speaking, and February has set in a fair treat. We envy those who are just arriving, like Lady Westmorland, the Charles Millses, Lord Chesham, Mrs. Loel Guinness, etc., whose days will be halcyon, even if nights prove less *staccato* than some have been this season.

To get back to where we were last week—Austria during a political crisis—I found St. Anton exactly as pictured: a snow-bound hamlet of low-roofed chalets at the mouth of the Arlberg tunnel, with only determined ski-ers in possession. These hastened to say, "There 's absolutely no night-life"—but I wasn't surprised to find a party in swing in the basement of the Post Hotel, which lasted till morning. Perhaps they call "night life" by another name in Anton; or, again, perhaps the Arturo Ramos' party was an exception to the rule. He made the perfect host—tall, handsome, South American, a grand ski-er, and the husband of one of the most beautiful heiresses of the U.S.A. (Millicent Rogers, who frequented North Berwick as a "deb"). Ramos is a lucky fellow, and his wife even more alluring at her present "*femme de trente ans*" stage than before. They are wintering at the Post, and invited not only "posh" friends in full evening dress (one doesn't usually change), but all the ski-instructors (not called "guides" here) and village characters, including shopkeepers, who danced in costume. A real Tirolese party at last, without self-conscious aping of atmospherics. We noted Miss Catherine Ward, known as "the Arlberg baby," who is one of Hannes Schneider's pet pupils, and also that the party was given on Saturday night with a purpose—*Ski-Schule* is less strict on Sunday. Instead of going up to St. Christhof for work, the pupils (and no one who isn't one would dare to stay at Anton—I had to leave in self-defence) are let off early, and muster at the Schwarzen Adler for tea and dancing to a phonograph—very simply and consequently agreeable. This place has no frills, but there is a manicurist, and the Post boasts *tout confort moderne* in several languages. If you must learn to ski like an Austrian Amazon, I 'm all for it; and if you DO learn, then wear a short flared skirt instead of trousers or plus-fours, because nothing looks so superb as a slim girl doing stem christianias in a skirt. (N.B.—A slim girl.)

As it snowed the whole week-end at St. Anton, I was particularly glad to find St. Moritz weather less erratic, and to arrive after one of those journeys which are comic in retrospect and maddening in process. You change at Feldkirch (a dear little sleepy village where I visited the monuments, directed by a road-sweeper who spoke French) and at Buchs, where they look at passports, and at Sargans, where they shunt, and at Chur, where the porter charges two Swiss francs (half a crown) to carry four items, before the lights of St. Moritz twinkle in the frozen midnight.

An entirely new crowd about. The four prettiest girls are Miss Beryl Masland, who 's being chaperoned by Lady Clancarty, who takes her *luge-ing*; Miss "Tiny" Sword, who has her sister, Mrs. Alan ("Zoe") Ramsay, as escort; Miss Martha Magrane, known as "Minnie"; and Miss Georgina ("Jimmy") Wakefield Saunders, a quite lovely example of the 1932's whom it 's not been my luck to meet or photograph till now. Miss Magrane 's American, and caused a flutter among the kilted at Oban. Miss Wakefield Saunders's mother is American, which proves a theory that most contemporary English beauties are partially indebted to the States. Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, one of Georgina's friends and vintage, is a film-faced example; and I could think up a lot more if it wasn't time to put on Arctic outfits and go racing on the lake. Yes, real horses and live jockeys compete on the snow, with ski-jöring and trotting as two of the events. Major Cuthbert Stewart, last seen paying for our seed-cake in the tea-room at Sandown, is most intrigued with this sport. He finds the percentage taken by the St. Moritz "tote" amazingly tall—but so are the mountains and the Major's stories in the Palace Bar.

The Stewarts (she 's Rex Hartley's pretty sister), who are with the Gordon Ramsays at the Carlton, have found one of their own horse's half-sisters (so complicated) running second in several races here. Frankly, we 're more interested in the Grand National, and the fortunes of Captain Jimmy Coats. This remarkable rider is many years older than Harbord, Heaton and Co. He only practises for under a fortnight in the year, and yet walks off with the biggest cups. His style is almost faultless. You may think that one body hurtling down the run is identical with another, except for fractional differences in speed. As a "Cresta Girl" (we 're not numerous—quality, not quantity, of course), I insist that there are ugly riders and pretty riders, like ugly and pretty shots. Sometimes the rough, hell-for-leather type beats the stylist, just as some crack shots (I 'm thinking of that wonderful veteran with gun and rifle, Major Tom Rankin) haven't the grace of quite moderate performers (I 'm thinking now of Sir Duncan Hay); but in Coats you have both grace and achievement. Long may he retain his skill!

MRS. ALAN McLEOD, who was Miss Joan de Knoop until a few weeks ago, is on her honeymoon at St. Moritz. She is a sister of Mrs. Jack Hambro, and married the second son of Mr. Duncan McLeod of Skeabost, Isle of Skye.

NEWS VALUE. Lady Knollys, in dark-blue shirt and Brigade tie (also worn by Lady Marjorie Hamilton, who has passed her Third Class Ski Test, and Mrs. Heathcote Diggle, who takes her slopes as she takes her fences with the Middleton—straight), has been encouraging her brother, Captain Coats. They also gave a good joint party. Lord Vernon is ski-ing hard. He only started last year, and is pretty useful, which disproves the theory that you must begin before you 're ten. Talking of ten, Colin Anderson, the Scottish "boy wonder," whose ability as a ski-jumper delighted us all in the holidays, writes from Eton that he 's fourteen, which is four years older than I told you. Naturally, Colin was deeply offended, as, unlike the blonde who said she was twenty-three last year and is now nineteen, he thinks age adds to one's prestige. A much-travelled pair, Miss Aline Partington and Miss Helen Greg, have arrived from Sestrières *via* Rome. The latter 's on her way to Egypt, where she will join Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, Lord Clydesdale, and Lord "Geordie" Douglas-Hamilton, who are all recouping from various ills. Another of the Douglas-Hamilton clan, Lady Jean Mackintosh, will have arrived in St. Moritz when you read this, with her husband, "Chris," and Miss Gwen Kingham, who 's probably the handsomest "bachelor girl" in the Paris-American colony and a great friend of Miss Marjorie Glasgow, with whom she stayed at Moncorvo House last season, achieving a considerable London success.

MISS GWYNETH BUTLER, daughter of Mrs. Cecil Butler, is on the rink at St. Moritz. She was one of the most attractive of "Les Débutantes" at the Savoy before Christmas, and is a very good English skater. She is, of course, a Gold Medallist, and, but for a slight foot injury, would be competing in the World's Championship at Oslo this month.

Ann Greenway, who was definitely a London success when she sang at the Monseigneur, is crooning in the Palace Bar thrice weekly till the end of the month, when she returns to the Berkeley. Some of her torch songs are very pleasant indeed. By sunlight she lunches on the terrace, with Lady (Malcolm) Campbell, Colonel Defries, and Captain Neville Reis, who are having a childish tanning competition, involving rival sunburn lotions. Lady Campbell, being attractively fair, is at a disadvantage, which makes us enquire whether the blonde boom 's waning, owing to so many new Dorchester girls being brunettes. Another fashion murmur comes from Paris by 'plane over the Alps, suggesting that bigger and better hats will soon arrive. For over ten years smart hats have been small, and "rather difficult to wear, Modom," so broader brims, like darker women, deserve a break. This revolution may be due to the tremendous vogue for Tirolese felts — Mrs. Holman 's wearing a black one — so much more becoming than those awful porters' caps Lady Ski-ers (with an accent on the "L") insist on. Even Lady Ursula Horne should be weaned from hers — she 's so attractive in an unusual way that we particularly regret devotion to a fashion of the time when ski-ers still looked like explorers, earnest and unornamental.

The HON. ALINE PARTINGTON, only daughter of Lord Doverdale, has been at St. Moritz.

SEEN ABOUT. Lord Tyrrell having a constitutional.

Sir Henri Deterding having a skating lesson.

The Alan McLeods having an original honeymoon. She (Joan de Knoop) bobs and he skis, and, consequently, they look enchanted to meet when they do.

Miss Gwyneth Butler skating like a dream walking.

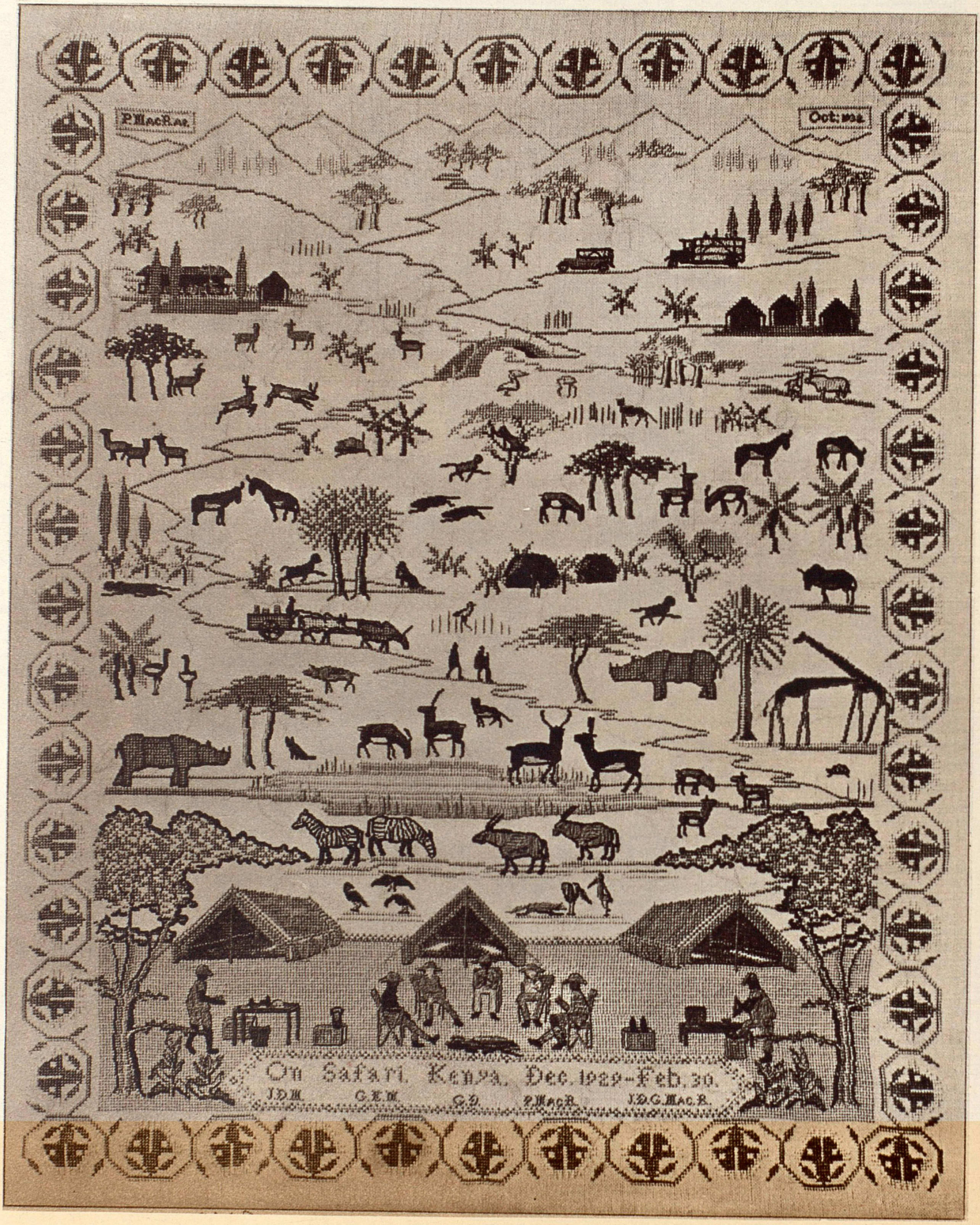
"Wallie" Tennyson d'Eyncourt taking a busman's holiday and a cinema record of same.

Prince René de Bourbon playing the concertina after dark, and in daylight scorching over to Campfér where his sister—ex-Empress Zita—has installed her young family. They 're splendid children, and their future may be of world interest, though their present could hardly be simpler.

Mrs. Albany Charlesworth (*née* Diana Beckett) showing son David the St. Moritz ropes.

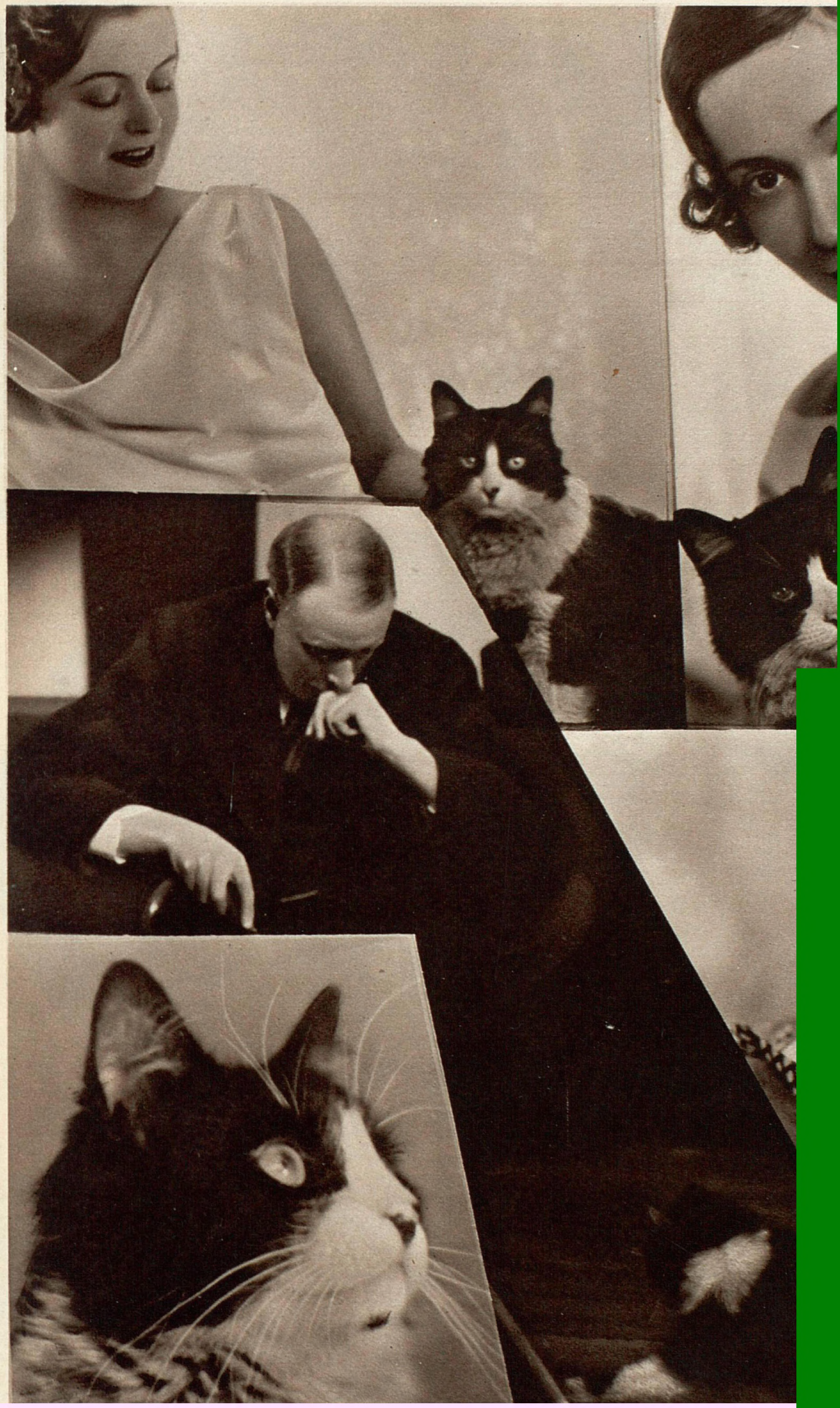
Mr. John Moffat giving a dinner-party—he has one of the finest cellars in Europe—also a store of stories.

CLINIC CHAT. Mrs. Alex Bowhill had the world's worst luck. They came out for her husband to get over an operation, but she promptly got over a steep bank and broke her leg. The rest of their holiday was spent by Suvretta rink in stationary poses. The Bowhills' great friends, Sir Edmund and Lady Findlay, are coming for the F.I.S., for which Etienne Bunau-Varilla has already arrived. He 's an international celebrity you should know by sight. A magnificent ski-er, and honorary trainer to the French team, he 's the son of a great Paris newspaper - owner. Reverting to crashes, Mrs. (Marjorie) Herbert broke her wrist, and went home looking exquisite in bandages and sables, after giving some farewell party and winning a dancing prize.



A SAFARI SAMPLER BY LADY PHYLLIS MACRAE.

Most needlewomen of to-day copy old designs: not so LADY PHYLLIS MACRAE, younger daughter of the Marquess of Bristol. In the sampler reproduced on this page she has stitched the history of a BIG-GAME HUNTING EXPEDITION (or safari) made in Kenya in 1929-1930. In the foreground the members of the party are depicted enjoying light refreshment in front of their tents; while the background is occupied with representations of the fauna. The sampler is an exhibit for the Show of English Needlework, Past and Present, on February 19 at 15, Portman Square.



WHISKY AND SITTERS!